

THE  
CHILDREN  
OF  
THE SPIS.  
A  
POEM.

[Price THREE SHILLINGS.]

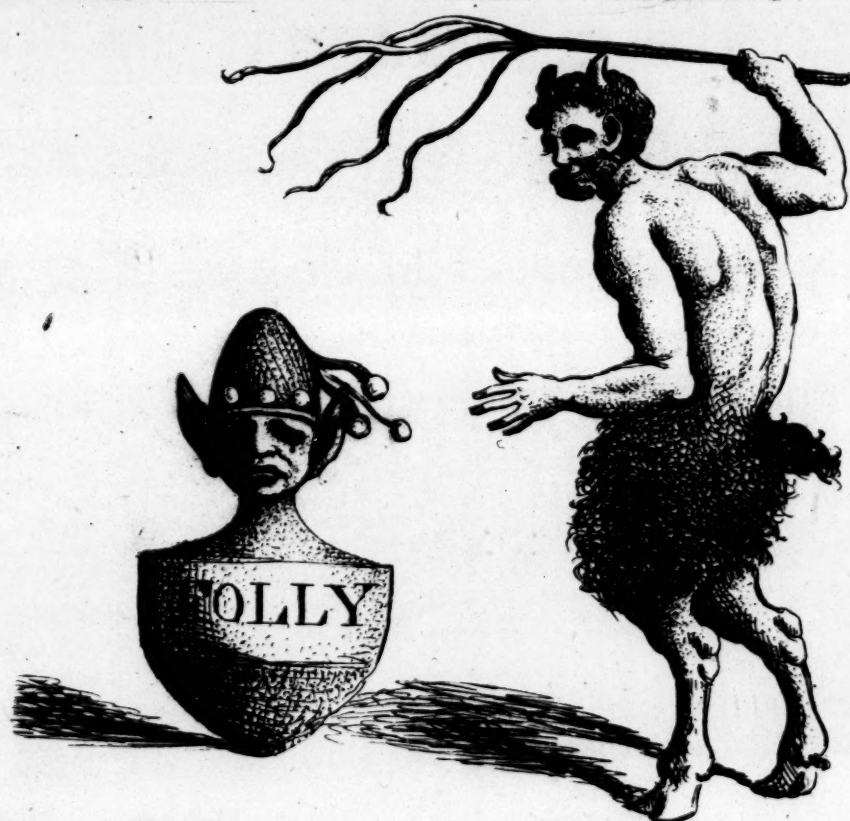






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CHILDREN  
OF  
THE SPIS.  
A  
POEM.



PART FIRST.

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*Plus apud me Ratio valebit, quam vulgi Opinio.*

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THE OFFICE OF THE

SECRETARY OF THE

NAVY





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T O  
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,  
PRESIDENT of the ROYAL ACADEMY,  
AND  
FELLOW of the ROYAL SOCIETY.

SIR,

THE interests of Literature, like those of the Arts, very materially depend for their support upon the protection of the Great and Affluent; as unhappily for human excellence, the professors of both are seldom remarkable for the independence of their circumstances, and are very frequently obliged to be indebted for the means of prosecuting their studies either to the fostering hand of wealthy Folly, or ridiculous ostentation.

BUT though I admit the necessity of such a patronage, I should think it too dearly purchased by a resignation of my own dignity, in sacrificing the beauties of Truth to the vices or prejudices of men, on whom the capricious hand of Fortune hath showered her favours with more profusion than discernment: And to give an inconsiderable testimony of my disposition, I have avoided offering the incense of adulation at the shrine of any individual, whether dignified by descent, or debauched by prosperity; and paid an humble

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tribute



tribute of respect to a man, who by his superior endowments, and enlarged mind, has not only ennobled himself, from a source infinitely more pure than the breath of kings, but has conferred immortal honour on his country, by the elegant and inimitable labours of his pencil.

IN future ages, when the schools of painting shall have become a subject of general discussion, the works of a REYNOLDS will be quoted with particular veneration, as the noblest example of portrait painting; and sedulously copied as the productions of a master, who united in his compositions the colouring and strength of RUBENS—with the truth of VANDYKE—harmoniously tempered by the graces of a CORREGIO.—

WE can have no greater proof of your excellence in painting, than by investigating the productions of those men who presume to be your compeers; and who, it is evident, have industriously borrowed all their ideas of grace and greatness from your pencil—that their best efforts are but a continuation of the smallest of your beauties, and—that their hopes to arrive at the Temple of Fame, exist only in an unceasing ardour to imitate your perfections.—But there remains still a greater instance of the fascinating powers of your enlightened Fancy, in its possessing sufficient magic to draw the attention of BEAUTY from the frivolities of polished life:—To this influence are we indebted for the charming studies of a CARLOW and a LUCAN, who pay, under your wing, their elegant devoirs to the imitative muse; being happy to tread in those paths of Science, which your sublime labours had previously strewn with roses.

THIS, Sir, might probably be deemed the language of Flattery, if addressed to any other individual than yourself;—but in speaking of your superiority as an artist, or your accomplishments as a gentleman, I do but continue a theme  
which



which has been already supported with particular energy, by the GREAT and GOOD, who have industriously sought an opportunity to annex their names to the memory of a man, who, while his admirable performances are his best panegyric, will be recollected with honour, so long as exalted merit has a claim to human approbation.

THE following Poem, which I have taken the liberty of inscribing to you, has little else to recommend it either to your notice, or to that of the Public, but a rigid and faithful adherence to Truth and Nature.—The likenesses of the several personages introduced, are preserved with inflexible accuracy; their features being copied under the immediate guidance of CANDOUR, unappalled by the threats of Vice or Weakness, and untainted by the influence of either Prejudice or Fashion.

I am, SIR, with great respect,

Your ardent admirer,

And most obedient Servant,

INNER TEMPLE, }  
MARCH 1st, 1786. }

THE AUTHOR.



which is in itself supported with the other and  
good which is in itself supported with the other and  
many of a man, who, while the rational part of his nature  
is engaged with honor, is long as a child to a man  
approximation.

The other part of the work I have taken the liberty of including in this  
but this is not a part of the work which is in itself supported with the other and  
many of a man, who, while the rational part of his nature  
is engaged with honor, is long as a child to a man  
approximation.

I and, 21 R, with great respect,

And most obedient servant,

The Author.



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T H E

C H I L D R E N   O F   T H E S P I S .

---

**T**H O' legends inform us,  
That Walls they have spoke ;  
This vile faithless age,  
Treat the tale as a joke :

But in that they are wrong,  
As hereafter you'll see :  
For e'en Houses converse,  
When their minds disagree:

To evince what I say,  
I will give a relation  
Of a speech, by the way,  
Of a friend's exhortation.

The Nymph of the GARDEN,  
With feeling and pain,  
Thus warn'd the grey strumpet  
Of old DRURY-LANE.



" To give good advice, is not always well taken,  
 Tho' it tends in it's spirit, to save a friend's bacon :  
 Half aw'd by a maxim, so wise and so weighty,  
 I thrice had resolv'd to forego this intreaty;  
 But Nature impels me, I cannot resist her,  
 To snatch from perdition a weak-minded sister;  
 Whose honour is sullied by counsellors scurvy,  
 Who've turn'd her poor *cranium* almost topsy-turvy.

When *Roscius* the drama's gay sceptre resign'd,  
 To the arms of Presumption was Drury consign'd;  
 Her Lords more in number than Brentford's fam'd kings,  
 Neglected the good of the state—for good things;  
 Like the cloak of Saint Martin, they cut her in pieces,  
 For self-preservation's their favourite thesis :  
 And by the effects of mal-administration,  
 In the last fell campaign they half undid their nation;  
 Then Folly and Madness rose up to confound 'em,  
 And the props of their happiness fell all around 'em;  
 A woe-begone queen call'd for gin to support her,  
 And chiefs mourn'd the fall of the state—over porter;  
 And *Linley*, the lofty Calliope's hero,  
 He fiddled on ruins, like Rome's bloody Nero.  
 As *Brinsley*, that comical any-thingarian,  
 He regulates taste like the rigid *Bavarian*;  
 And shews what a scholar dramatic should be,  
 And maintains, with true zeal, the importance of C;  
 The nerves of chaste Wit he makes feeble and flabby,  
 And dresses the Muse in a watery tabby;  
 Old *Wycherly*'s shade brands the wight as a stealer,  
 And castigates Fame, as it shews the *Plain Dealer*.



POOR DRURY, 'tis piteous that Reason e'er left her,  
 See *Ford* damns the forceps, to catch a mock sceptre:  
 In vain lovely *Dian* implores from the skies,  
 " Become not, my varlet, the tyrant of flies;  
 I know the vile *Helicon* buffies have stung ye,  
 But I'll send the demon of *Discord* among ye;  
 To people the world is a more honour'd part,  
 Then forsake not, my son, the obstetric art;  
 Get your brains wash'd by *Hawkins*, and stop up its crannies,  
 And give to mankind *Lady Gigs* and *Lord Fannies*."

But deaf to her complaints, the egregious king  
 Quits the medical paths to become a *great thing*;  
 For ambition has grappl'd the hooks of his soul,  
 And bent all his talents, to own her controul.  
 Like *Ammon's* fam'd son he exerts his high sway,  
 For with ease he creates forty kings in a day;  
 The posts of vast import bestows on his cousins,  
 And heroes and lordlings, he makes them by dozens;  
 Thus regally rob'd, becomes haughty and vain,  
 And frowns on the *Divan* in *Old Warwick-lane*.

Like *Charles* the imperial, enfeebl'd and hoary,  
 Great *Garrick* retir'd, oppress'd with his glory:  
 He had run round the circle of Honour's career,  
 And knew ev'ry blessing which feeling makes dear;  
 But his vanity fated, his wishes were o'er,  
 For his hope grew diseas'd, and his joys were no more.  
 —Like the young *Macedonian*, he wept when he knew,  
 That no graces of art he had left to subdue.  
 That spirit which long was subservient to fame,  
 Retreated within, and corroded his frame;

And



And with Nature's base particles ent'ring in strife,  
 Subjected his wisdom, and fed on his life.

Ere *Roscius* well ceas'd to preside at your helm,  
 The torrents of folly your worth did o'erwhelm:  
 Thus kingdoms they vanish, and sink to decay,  
 When Vice sits in council, and fools hold the sway.

Your faculties weaken'd, you think it a crime  
 To shew in your person the inroads of time;  
 But like a French dowager, vanity-tainted,  
 Your wrinkles are hid, and your cheeks are be-painted;  
 And tho' labouring art throws a veil over truth,  
 You still want in mein all the graces of youth.  
 But, alas! on that point we could never agree;  
 You should leave all those airs—to young beauties like me.

As you know I abhor both lies and detractors,  
 I'll give you my thoughts on your Authors and Actors;  
 With a critical rod I'll enforce each vain youth,  
 Unfandall'd, to walk o'er the ploughshares of truth:  
 If his worth is innate, and his merits are real,  
 Unwounded he'll pass through the flaming ordeal.

A dramatic author can now bid defiance  
 To learning, to genius, to taste, and to science;  
 Helter-skelter, ding-dong, thro' thick and thro' thin,  
 They heed not the means, so the prize they can win.  
 'Twas reserv'd as a type of this frenzy-fraught age,  
 That such Grub-street endeavours should rise on the stage:  
 But patrons of Merit, alas, are no more,  
 And the choir of Parnassus the tidings deplore.

Apollo



Apollo now ceases the song to inspire,  
 And tuneless, and silent, reposes his lyre :  
 As sorrow the pearls from their eye-lids distil,  
 The sweet nymphs of Helicon mourn round their hill.

Amid the half-taught, illegitimate race,  
 Charles Mungo comes forward with bronze-burnish'd face ;  
 Unletter'd, ill-manner'd, presuming and loud,  
 To push his bold front in the rhyme-weaving croud ;  
 His career has been mark'd like an April day,  
 Where storms, rain, and sunshine by turns hold the sway :  
 Now he groans with despair at the scourges of Heav'n ;  
 Now he laughs o'er the wages his vices have giv'n ;  
 Blaspheming this month, amid filth in a garret ;  
 In the next, gorging high, on his carp, cod, and claret,  
 At expences enormous he cares not a rush,  
 As would make the great *Heliogabulus* blush,—  
 Like the bird of the east, by his weakness misled,  
 He'll with pride shew his breech—so the fool hides his head.  
 The *thing* mounts to *alt'* in his passionate fires,  
 His brains are *piano*, and *bass* his desires.  
 With th' abortions of Reason he once strove to scrawl,  
 And baptis'd the vile spectacle—*Liberty-Hall*.  
 —May shame brand the man who such nonsense protected,  
 When Genius implor'd him, and Wit lay neglected :  
 But fiddler with fiddler will huddle together,  
 Like bugs in a blanket, that sleep in cold weather.

'Tis true, I have authors enough of my own,  
 Who hang round my skirts like base slaves round a throne :  
 To my Coz Common Sense, I once ventur'd to shew 'em,  
 'Tis strange to declare—but the Nymph did not know 'em.



But what can I do? if I fasten my doors,  
 They steal to the hatch, and creep in—on all-fours  
 They know my weak side to be mark'd with urbanity,  
 'Tis there they assail me, and tax my humanity.  
 Friend *Dives* protects this, for he's shirtless and poor;  
 And my Lord pleads for that, or, what's worse—my Lord's whore.  
 —Alas! must they perish, tho' dunces and Hars,  
 Who beg an existence like mendicant friars?

I remember poor Merit, the ill-fated youth  
 Was the offspring of Wisdom, but nurtur'd by Truth;  
 As patient he sail'd down life's varying stream,  
 He felt not the warmth of the sun's genial beam:  
 Like a flow'et on Nature's great desert he lay;  
 Which the weeds that surrounded had hid from his ray;  
 Its fragrance unknown, none the loss will deplore,  
 For he droop'd in the vale, and was thought of no more.  
 Chill Penury's hand drew the child from the womb,  
 Attended his being, and wept o'er his tomb.  
 Full oft he attempted to call upon Fame,  
 But the children of Vice had extinguish'd his claim:  
 Indignant they drove the meek youth from the throng,  
 Suppress'd his ambition, and fetter'd his song.—

Thus rancorous Authorlings sink to Reviewers,  
 As channels neglected become common sewers:  
 Hence Folly to high estimation is rais'd,  
 And *Sternes* were bespatter'd, and *Burneys* beprais'd:  
 They lacerate Wit from their cowardly stations,  
 And grub for a weed, in—a bed of carnations.  
 Like the envious pangs of an impotent man,  
 “They can't sin themselves, and they hate all that can;”



But deal out their wreaths to the suppliant things,  
 As honours are shower'd by puppet-show kings;  
 And the errors of Dulness, from sympathy, smother,  
 As one vile attorney will plead for another.

—His page will be hallow'd on future inspection,  
 Who laugh'd at their edicts, and scorn'd their protection;  
 For Time shall their basis of arrogance sever,  
 And *Burneys* will perish, and *Sternes* live for ever!

But enough, my dear sister, we've sung of that sect;  
 The Bad you encourage, the Good you neglect;  
 Your despots with evil have crowded their hour,  
 And fetter'd their slaves, but to manifest power;  
 They darken at will the bright mind's emanation,  
 But blockheads and scoundrels, they rule the creation;  
 For Folly woo'd Taste, the lewd minx, till he won her,  
 And ribaldry treads on the ashes of honour.

Let us turn to a better starr'd body of men,  
 Who've no cause to envy the sons of the pen;  
 The *Actors*—who feel not the pangs of starvation,  
 Nor e'er dread the curse of an earthly damnation.

### K I N G.

With *King*, your prime minister, lord and *fac-totum*,  
 I first will begin, and his merits thus note 'em:  
 'Tis long since this veteran led the gay train  
 Of laugh-loving mortals of poor *DRURY-LANE*:  
 Tho' 'tis plain in his acting to trace the old school,  
 He wars not with Nature, but makes her his rule.

And



And so aptly his fallies accord with the sense,  
 We can laugh, yet without giving Judgment offence :  
 He's Comedy's Monarch, well skill'd in the art,  
 To fasten our senses, and seize on the heart,  
 The chaste wit of *Shakespeare*, his point, and his whim,  
 Suit the talents of no individual—but him.  
 In *Touchstone* he's perfect, *Malvolio* great,  
 To thought he gives strength, and to sentiment weight ;  
 But his characters fade as his spirits decay,  
 And his *Brafs* is at best—an attempt to be gay,  
 Each year of his life seems to poison his hour,  
 Enervate his vigour, and narrow his power.  
 To Comedy dear—yet incompetent grown,  
 He struggles with Fate, still to sit on her throne.  
 And with pain he supports the wide scope of her plan ;  
 Yet it is but the ghost, as we've long lost—the man.  
 For envious of worth, see ! to sever the thread,  
 Foul Atropos plays round his reverend head.  
 'Tis plain both his mind and his faculties moulder,  
 When the task of each day proves the man—a day older ;  
 And trembling he grasps, to support his high station,  
 In spite of the *gout*, and its damn'd flagellation.

Pale Care that round greatness is ever found lurking,  
 Has fairly worn out the inside of his jerkin :  
 Like Rome's classic ruins, which nod in her plains,  
 We trace ancient grandeur in that which remains ;  
 And pine at the tott'ring of aught that's sublime,  
 And mark, with a sigh, all the traces of Time !

SIDDONS



## S I D D O N S.

“ And next on the list comes the *Siddons*—great name!  
 Of Britain at once—the delight and the shame!  
 She lay like a gem on the bed of old Ocean,  
 ’Till Chance and Caprice call’d her soul into motion.

When Virtue exalted groans under oppression;  
 The turn of her eye gives a strength to expression;  
 Or poor *Isabella*, worn out with her woes,  
 And misery goaded, she crawls for repose  
 To her *Birons* enrag’d, and unnatural fire,  
 We all feel her pangs, and acknowledge her fire;  
 The tale of her sorrows is ably impress’d,  
 And the heroine’s wrongs fill the void of each breast:  
 All the force of Illusion attends on her will,  
 And the tears that gush forth—prove the test of her skill.

Her greatness is such that all classes adore it,  
 Like Africa’s whirlwinds, it sweeps all before it:  
 Nor *Cibber*, nor *Pritchard*, nor *Crawford*, nor *Yates*,  
 Or the tribes of which dramatic history prates,  
 Could step with a chance of success in her place,  
 Or put on the buskin with half so much grace;  
 She touches the boundaries of all we desire;  
 Her silence has sense, and her action has fire;  
 With a sacred lust she essays to be glorious,  
 And the fiat of Fame proves th’ effort victorious;  
 Like the heroes of Homer, her faculties shine,  
 Of whom half was human, the other divine.

’Tho’ I paint thus impassion’d her elegant picture,  
 Yet the model has failings which merit a stricture;



She wants the fine taste of the great *Algarotti*,  
 To soften the wildness of fam'd *Bonarotti* ;  
 Like th' eminent *Michael*, she scorns to be bland,  
 Her dashes are strokes ; tho' unnatural, grand !  
 She pants that the Genius of Glory may find her,  
 But oft' in her haste leaves—poor Reason behind her.

*Thalia*, too sportive to dwell in a tomb,  
 Long since fled her fancy, appall'd by its gloom ;  
 For fable *Melpomene* watch'd at her birth,  
 And moulded her features repulsive to mirth :  
 The dimples of Pleasure must *Siddons* resign ;  
 Who's wedded cold Horror, and bow'd at her shrine :  
 For tho', with vast labour, she forces a smile,  
 'Tis a sickly exotic, unknown to the soil.

Yet, wond'rous ! there are, whose egregious zeal,  
 Pervert what they see, and defeat what they feel ;  
 They tell us her *Lovemore's* the type of perfection,  
 Unsham'd by the clamour of public detection.  
 —'Tis the lie of the day, a mere falsehood diurnal,  
 Which Fame will, indignant, erase from her journal.  
 Like a Will-o'-th'-Wisp, they go forth to betray,  
 And lead simple Nature far out of the way ;  
 'Till fatigu'd and bemir'd, she struggles for light,  
 And Truth clears the mist that had clouded her fight.

But hapless is he, who to *Folly* a minion,  
 Will yield up his senses to take her opinion :



'Tis fretting the mind her caprice to obey,  
 When the merit of yesterday's doubted to day;  
 For those men, whom our fires look'd up to with pride,  
 Their sons have assail'd, and defil'd, and decry'd;  
 And the mind's poor infirmities dash'd from their throne,  
 Forgetting the weakness that lives in their own.  
 —E'en *Hayley* weaves verse in the Muses' best loom,  
 To murder the guardians of *Warburton's* Tomb;  
 He wounds, unabash'd, the repose of the dead,  
 And the sacred laurel he tears from the head;  
 As Prejudice, like a vile gypsy, sits jaded,  
 Untwisting the texture which Honour had braided.

But Folly's wild impulse has delug'd the nation,  
 And o'er-run the land, like a foul inundation;  
 In her vanity firm the nymph blunders along  
 Tho' prov'd to be nine times in ten in the wrong;  
 And who but laments such a minx has the power  
 To consecrate Fashion, tho' but for an hour.

Her *Rosalind* was (but, alas! who'd suppose,  
 That Judgment and *Siddons* were ever such foes?)  
 A tragedy, comedy, farcical creature,  
 The offspring of Pride, and the alien of Nature;  
 Her hoarse awful accents were never design'd  
 To lighten those cares which obtrude on the mind:  
 As fate a creator like *Shakespeare* would send us,  
 From such a vile martyrdom, Heaven defend us!  
 She oft fills in thought a vast compass of action,  
 When her fame's but expanded by false rarefaction.  
 If flattery lies in some gross attestation,  
 Bid her shut up her ears from the foul adulation,

She



She suffers the witch (to Deformity blind)  
 To abridge by vile spells her great powers of mind;  
 Like a sorceress dire her charms she dispenses,  
 Encircles her progress, and birdlimes her senses.  
 Base nymph, tho' she courts with a passion rapacious,  
 Her praise is disease, and her smiles are fallacious.

'Tis piteous that Avarice e'er should deform  
 A mind to the sorrows of fiction so warm;  
 It sullies the face of her high reputation,  
 As frost nips the buddings of young vegetation;  
 Her genius it sicklies, her faculties seizes,  
 It warps the affections, and friendship it freezes.  
 Like the winds at New Zembla, its icy-fraught dart,  
 Shuts up every passage that leads to the heart.  
 It wars with the passions that rage in her breast,  
 And, like Aaron's serpent, subdues all the rest!

#### P A L M E R.

"Of *Palmer* the elder, I'll give my opinion,  
 No man on the stage holds so wide a dominion;  
 Come Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, or what will,  
 He still gives a manifest proof of his skill;  
 From the *Bastard* of *Shakespeare*, and *Face* of old *Ben*,  
 To the dry namby-pamby of—*Cumberland's* pen.  
 The Muse's great *hackney*, on which both together  
 Oft pace thro' the Common, in *damn'd dirty weather*.  
 He still claims applause, tho' like *Proteus* he changes;  
 For equal to all, thro' the drama he ranges;  
 And bears with much ease its vast weight on his shoulders,  
 'Till like *Atlas* his powers surprize all beholders.

As



So graceful his step, so majestic his nod,  
 He looks the descendant from Belvedere's god :  
 Yet he has his faults ; and who is there without 'em ?  
 But his pride should take fire, and instantly rout 'em ;  
 Nor heed, tho' the effort should cost him some pain,  
 But puff them away like the chaff from the grain.

In stern *Dionysus* his acting offends,  
 For Nature and *Palmer* in *that* are not friends :  
 Like the Rhodian Colossus he stalks round the stage,  
 Or arm'd gladiator intent to engage ;  
 He out-herods Herod—and tears his poor throat,  
 'Till Harmony trembles at every note.  
 Tho' *twelve-penny gods* may with *this* be delighted,  
 Common Sense is alarm'd, and meek Reason affrighted !  
 —He shines in his *Joseph*, but more in his *Liar* ;  
 In that human Nature can never go higher.

Tho' fond of the sex, he's yet fonder of porter ;  
 And Fame, tho' a woman, he never would court her,  
 But careless to please her, right onward he bustles,  
 And charms the frail nymph with Herculean muscles ;  
 She seizes the clarion, subdu'd by her wonder,  
 As the tones from its womb rend the ceiling asunder ;  
 And frights the wild air with the sonorous clatter,  
 'Till Reason peeps out—to ask what's the matter !

Ere Love's gentle passion he'll deign to disclose,  
 His handkerchief ten times must visit his nose. —  
 The proud sons of Gallia aver to our faces,  
 The actors of Britain are foes to the Graces :



Be *Palmer* the champion to mend the defection,  
 And boldly assert his high claim to perfection;  
 Permit them no longer to taunt and rebuke us,  
 And his handkerchief use—but to wipe off the *mucus*.

## F A R R E N.

See *Farren* approach, whom the Fates have design'd,  
 To fascinate hearts, and illumine mankind;  
 With myrtle-bound brows the gay nymph is advancing,  
 And rapt with her smiles the blithe kiddings are dancing;  
 As the Sylvans pour forth, in their May vestments dress'd,  
 Their flocks rove at will, and their cots are unblest'd;  
 Fond Zephyrs exhale, from the incense-fraught flowers,  
 The sweets of creation, to breathe on her hours:  
 Her port is seduction, her voice exiles pain,  
 And the mild social Virtues crowd into her train;  
 They revel and sport 'neath her eyes benign beam,  
 Correct her warm fancy, and sweeten her dream;  
 Despair leaves his cave, by her beauties imprest;  
 And Joy wounds the fiend that had ficken'd his breast:  
 Young poets for her have relinquish'd the bays,  
 And Eloquence pants with recording her praise:  
 See Pride kiss her sandals, and Apathy sighs,  
 And Honour implores, and Inconstancy dies.

To copy her frame, where divinity's seal is,  
 Would beggar the talents of fam'd *Praxiteles*.  
 See *Psyche* amaz'd as she turns to behold  
 Such excellence cast in so perfect a mould;  
 She trembles in thought, lest the force of such charms,  
 The wanton young godling should tear from her arms.

Her



Her form is celestial, she looks, Friend, between us,  
 A fourth lovely Grace, or the sister of *Venus*.  
 The mistress of Spring, or the handmaid of *Flora*,  
 To cheer human-kind, like the rays of *Aurora*.

A simper bewitching, irradiates each feature,  
 And the men all exclaim—What an angelic creature !  
 Such ease, such politeness, such wit unaffected,  
 A love-beaming eye, and that eye—well directed,  
 To enforce and convey all the poet could mean,  
 To illustrate the sentence, and brighten the scene.

Bless'd orbs, where such infantine myriads are seen,  
 Disportively wanton in Love's magazine ;  
 New pointing their arrows with sedulous pains,  
 To triumph o'er Reason, and lead her in chains.

The bee quits the groves of Arabia to sip,  
 The honey of Hybla that moistens her lips :  
 As Taste shields her mind with the veil of refinement,  
 And Genius expanded bursts forth from confinement :  
 Great *Jove* views our *Farren* with rapturous wonder !  
 Unnerv'd by amazement, his hand drops the thunder :  
 He smiles on the nymph with ineffable fire,  
 As *Juno* with anguish surveys the desire :  
 And Fame shews her *Helen* in dingy tradition,  
 And *Hebe* retreats to avoid competition.

Amid Beauty's children superior she shone,  
 And *Cupid's* artillery plays round her zone.

She



She rivals, (such majesty lives in her mien!)  
 The elegant *Devon*, or Heaven's fair Queen.  
 Impell'd by ambition, the nymph seiz'd the throne,  
 The birthright of *Venus*, but long since her own;  
 Her wiles she dispenses from that envied station,  
 For the gods have confirm'd the divine usurpation.

*Thalia* exhibits her works as a test,  
 And the sprightly young Muse holds the nymph to her breast:  
 In *Teazle*, the springs of mild elegance move her,  
 But the fightless sweet *Emmeline*, that's her *chef d'œuvre*.

## S M I T H.

In *Townley*, *Charles Surface*, and parts such as those,  
 Where merit exists in deportment and clothes,  
 The well-bred Comedian gets thro' with great ease,  
 And sometimes delights us, but always must please.  
 He proves the full force of *Queen Bess's* narration,  
 "His face is a letter of recommendation."  
 With pleasure, with transport, the audience descry,  
 The traits of benevolence beam in his eye;  
 But that's to a Briton superior to art,  
 'Tis a comment that tacitly honours the heart:  
 In the high paths of elegance who dare aspire,  
 To walk as his compeer, or copy his fire!  
 For Comedy pleasantly singled him out  
 Her Gentleman-Usher, when giving a route;  
 To regulate manners, pretensions, and places,  
 To model the awkward, and teach them new graces.

But Tragedy—that is a step 'yond his skill,  
 He may play it from duty, but should not from will.



No varying sounds from his eloquence flow,  
 To mark the gradations of gladness or woe;  
 But a tedious monotony hangs on the ear,  
 Discordant, if loud; and unmeaning, if clear;  
 Tho' Nature his person has form'd with great pride,  
*Melpomene's* requisites she has denied:  
 Let him stick to his mistress, and eager enjoy her,  
 He must do a vast deal ere his efforts can cloy her.

## WRIGHTEN.

Our woes to diminish, and moments to brighten,  
 The Fates in good humour have sent us—a *Wrighten*:  
 She knows the arcana to marshal her wiles,  
 Seduce us with simp'ring, and win us with smiles;  
 The Nymphs croud around, as the Fauns beat their tabors,  
 They dance 'fore the chantress, and join in her labours;  
 Sweet Harmony mellows the notes with her shell,  
 And Echo redoubles the lays from her cell;  
 All ages and sexes unite to adore her;  
 Pale Envy she sickens, and Care flies before her.  
 She adds ev'ry grace to the force of a jest,  
 Gives sense to her sound, and to wit a new zest:  
 Thro' Melody's mazes we easy can trace  
 The intent of her song—by the lines of her face:  
 Her arch comic spirit calls forth approbation,  
 "Till the theatre shakes with the loud acclamation!

No wonder that wit she can forcibly feel,  
 Who's liv'd with *Thalia* long since *en famille*;

G

Pray



Pray Fate that she long may be sportive on earth,  
 The prop of burlettas, and mistress of mirth;  
 Of female comedians an excellent sample;  
 Of Abigail fingers the first great example!  
 But bid her beware of too great an indulgence,  
 Of tricks, that but mar her dramatic refulgence,  
 Or if prais'd by the million, grow sick of the cause,  
 That led her to fame, and matur'd their applause,  
 Lest she find like some brides who such errors must weep,  
 She can conquer a heart—that she wants sense to keep.  
 Those airs which to practise in *Lucy* she's just in,  
 If seen in all parts, will make all parts disgusting:  
 Bid her temper a strong constitutional pertness,  
 And call upon Reason to bound her alertness.

### K E M B L E.

In *Kemble*, behold all the shadows of learning,  
 An eye that's expressive, a mind half discerning;  
 Tho' the sense of the scene in its quickness must center,  
 Yet a pause must ensue, ere the hero will enter:  
 Well skill'd in the family secrets of mumming,  
 'Tis a trick that implies a great actor is coming:  
 But the time that's prescrib'd for the art being out,  
 Then on rushes *John*, in an outrageous rout;  
 With a nice painted face, and a complacent grin,  
 Like an excellent sign to an ill-manag'd inn;  
 With the lineal brow, heavy, dismal, and murky,  
 And shoulders compress'd like an over-truss'd turkey.

Yet



Yet he has his merits, tho' crude and confin'd,  
 The faint sickly rays of—a half-letter'd mind.  
 Now excellence fascinates every sense,  
 Now failings appear which give judgment offence;  
 In *this* all the force of the Actor is seen,  
 In *that* glares the Pedant, and damns all the scene;  
 For the faults which from Nature he got in great store,  
 His pride and presumption have made ten times more.

From the deep springs of Science this *Marsyas* has sipt,  
 At a period of life when he could not be whipt;  
 For the immature, silly adoption of errors,  
 As modesty fled, and the rod had no terrors.

Those parts of short length should be ever his choice,  
 That his action may never out distance his voice,  
 Which loses its tones at the end of a play,  
 Where rant and exertion by force hold the sway:  
 He has something too much the mechanical stare,  
 And faws, without mercy—the ambient air;  
 Besides too affectedly long in each pause,  
 Which martyrs the drama, and treads on its laws.

Stung deep in the breech by the Dæmon of scribbling,  
 Poor *John*, like young mice in a cheese, will be nibbling;  
 And mounted on stilts, as a true son of Phœbus,  
 Gives his name to the world—in a rhyme or a rebus.  
 With tragedies tortur'd the public has cramm'd,  
 Which read, were but laugh'd at; and acted, were damn'd;  
 And odes so sublime issue forth from his head,  
 That nine-tenths of mankind swear they cannot be read;  
 Like the vile *amphisbæna* his verses assail,  
 For none can discover the head from the tail;

But



But in various ways all the tribe shew their . . .  
In *Lovemores*, *Alicias*, and poppy-fraught farces.

When once in a moon the great man condescends,  
For Twelve Guineas a-week to amuse all his friends;  
And bustling *Sir Giles* laughs and flounders by fits,  
Like a bedlamite bard, who has outliv'd his wits;  
Then the day that succeeds must produce his defence,  
—And *Kemble* and *Maffinger* teize Common Sense.

Time was, when the great Public Mind was the cause,  
From whence issued aught that gave fame or applause;  
But that Public long since have resign'd their opinion,  
And insolent Folly assum'd the dominion.  
Now Candour lies mould'ring 'mid *bibles on shelves*,  
For Actors, like Indians, make idols themselves:  
They forge the base lie, hissing hot from the brain,  
And anatomize Truth in the villainous strain.  
Then the scouts of the stage with th' intelligence fly,  
And the press nightly groans with a *sinister lye*;  
'Till the morn from its womb calls the monster away,  
And the offspring of infamy sullies the day.

Oh! thrice happy age, when each dramatic elf  
Can modestly weave such *critiques*—on himself;  
And tell with kind industry all but what's true,  
And sing of conceptions—his mind never knew!

Like the Sun will each *Editor* beam on his fool,  
Of his gibings the object, his passions the tool;  
He writes for his print what in dreams he supposes,  
And celebrates *Harlequin's*—apotheosis.

But



But his noon-tide of flattery darts forth in rays,  
 So intense, that Credulity's set in a blaze ;  
 For Truth, Fame, and Honour, they equally perish,  
 And scorch but the object they meant for to cherish :  
 As the magical force that their pens can inspire,  
 Can raise not the Actor a single inch higher.  
 —All faith we have lost in the arts necromantic,  
 For the man is the same, tho' the shade is gigantic.

Tho' callow novitiates the part may engage,  
 No *Hamlet* remains but his own on the stage :  
 He paints with discernment the woes of the youth,  
 And his tints they are Nature's, corrected by Truth :  
 Tho' he oft gives *Thalia* a stab in the vitals,  
 And his labours appear—but judicious recitals.

There late was a man—but his acting is o'er—  
 And Genius desponds that her chief is no more :  
 Our *Henderson's* gone, whom no wishes could save,  
 And sorrowing Fame drops a tear on his grave.  
 —Go, copy the beauties of elegant art,  
 And transcribe the virtues that liv'd in his heart !  
 There Peace sat enthron'd ; her immaculate ray  
 Matur'd that greatness which blaz'd thro' his day.  
 Go, weep o'er his tomb—in your memory see  
 What he was, then return—what men ought to be.

Not content with receiving the debt that's his due,  
 Still *John*, in perspective, has others in view ;  
 And thinking his greatness still needs some addition,  
 Endeavours to subjugate all competition ;

H

And



And nibbles at rivals, and envies the men,  
 'Till the gall of his heart finds the way to his pen.  
 With a true *Kemble stomach*, at all things he grapples,  
 As boys will steal plumbs while they're chewing their apples:  
 For Jealousy marks all the tribe with her greenness,  
 As Merit she labours to dignify Meanness;  
 And force that respect by the impulse of Art,  
 Which Nature's vile feeds have denied to the heart.

But who can efface what is written so plain  
 By the pencil of Nature? Th' attempt were as vain  
 To wash off the hue from the dark Ethiopian,  
 Or realize schemes which are merely Utopian,  
 As drive from the mind such unworthy desires,  
 Where Envy and Hatred have kindled their fires!

## P O P E.

Who's that bustling female—so careful to tread  
 With precision and rule, and a shake of the head;  
 'Tis *Thalia's* old handmaid, the excellent *Pope*,  
 Whose wishes have stray'd o'er the precincts of hope.  
 For fretfulness sits on the tip of her nose,  
 And rouge on her cheek, has reviv'd the gay rose  
 Which pain and anxiety long since had faded,  
 When Love's genial flame her young bosom invaded.

In tattling *old spinsters* she now has no equal,  
 (But that is a truth will be felt in the sequel;  
 When, laden with honours, and wounded by age,  
 The veteran Fair bids adieu to the Stage.)

A key



A key to their follies, she's got by affinity,  
 And knows all the struggles of hapless virginity;  
 The colours that mark them on Hope's dark privation,  
 Their yellow despondence, and green desperation:  
 The flirt of the fan, when young beauties are near 'em,  
 Their high-born disdain, if keen satire should flee 'em;  
 Those evils unnumber'd which goad them each hour,  
 And the talent to rail at the grapes—which are four.—

When pleasure and ease had seduc'd to their arms,  
 Convivial *Clive*, and the stage lost her charms;  
 The jest-loving muse was alarm'd at the story,  
 And fearing a rapid decline of her glory,  
 Deputed her *Pope*, as successor of *Clive*,  
 To keep poignant Wit and gay Laughter alive.

## D O D D.

Behold sprightly *Dodd* amble light o'er the stage,  
 And mimic young fops in despite of his age!  
 He poises his cane 'twixt his finger and thumb,  
 And trips to the fair, with a jut of the bum;  
 His figure on Gallantry's sons is a satire;  
 So frothy his manners, so stinted by Nature:  
 To see such an insect make love to the ladies,  
 It proves that *profession*—the bulk of their trade is:  
 With a vacant *os frontis*, and confident air,  
 The minikin manikin prates *debonnair*:  
 As *Quin* said of *Derrick*, when making a rout,  
 "You might take an extinguisher, and put him out."

We may swear from his mien, that his humour was cast  
 In the light moulds of Fashion, full thirty years past;

For



For thro' the gay drama, if I am no fibber,  
 He steers in midway between *Lewis* and *Cibber*;  
 Partaking of both, as all authors agree,  
 The crocodile steals from the land and the sea;  
 And varies in nought from our grandmother's beaus,  
 But the curls on his pate, and the cut of his cloaths.

MRS. C R O U C H.

If Music hath charms to subdue the wild breast,  
 And fascinate Care from the mind that's distressed,  
 Let the children of Misery haste in a throng,  
 Surround lovely *Crouch*, and attend to her song!

Her accents flow gently, as translucent rills,  
 Her breath emits odour like newly-mown hills:  
 The force of her lays, like the Thracian lyre,  
 Can fierceness subdue, and the savage inspire;  
 They steal every sense from the finger of Sorrow,  
 And the wretch puts off Care, like a dun, till to-morrow.  
 They soothe the wild ravings of tyrannic rage,  
 And from Avarice turns the embraces of age.  
 It stops infant Sin in the path of perdition,  
 And binds by its spells the foul dæmon Ambition.  
 'Tis soft as the gentle Favonius blows,  
 To awaken the sweets of the opening rose.  
 E'en Philomel listens to catch from her tune  
 New graces to carol, at eve, to the moon.

If *Sylvia*, innocent nymph, sings her pains,  
 What blandishments live in her harmonious strains,

When



When *Dryden's* gay Venus comes forth with a smile,  
 To chaunt the blest'd boons of her favourite isle,  
 The soul of great *Purcell*' it bursts from the tomb,  
 And, listening, flutters with joy round the dome.  
 By her voice are the precepts of Wisdom supply'd,  
 And the Stoic's disrob'd of his weakness and pride;  
 For the heart's tender centinel's caught by surprise,  
 And Love gives the wound by which Apathy dies.

When *Æolus* ruffles the wings of the wind,  
 The sapphire-plum'd Halcyon flits to her mind;  
 There nestl'd with Peace, no rude storms can resist her,  
 When couch'd by the veil of each cardinal sifter.

## M O O D Y.

Here comes lazy *Moody*—the indolent elf,  
 Seems lost in the deep contemplation of Self;  
 A *noli me tangere* fits on each feature,  
 Repelling the wishes of social good-nature:  
 Approaching this wight, ere your mouth you unlock it,  
 By instinct the man—claps his hand on his pocket:  
 Go ask him his health, as “How are you, Sir, pray?”  
 He'll answer “The Stocks, Friend—is that what you say?”  
 By the Lord, man, they fell half an eighth yesterday.”

To laziness wedded, no passions can warm,  
 For he sleeps like a Belgian lake in a storm;  
 By his meanness subdu'd, his ambition is o'er,  
 And he crawls on the stage—but to add to his store.  
 'Tis ascertain'd easy, by plain Common Sense,  
 He's a Swiss in the drama, and fights for the pence:



No laudable motive, no love of the art,  
 Gives force to his judgment, or warmth to his heart.  
 He jogs the same trot he did ten years before,  
 Contented to know—two and two will make four.  
 Unknown to the Muses, and excellence scorning,  
 He fights for the *office*, and *Saturday morning*.

When I think of the merits of this vet'ran stagger,  
 His *Commodore Flip*, and *Hibernian Major*,  
 It mads me to see that the man is contented  
 To *sculk* to his tomb by each muse unlamented.  
 As he knows he can charm us whenever he'll please,  
 'Tis a shame he gets fat, and enjoys so much ease!

M R S. J O R D A N.

Behold sportive *Jordan*, the favourite fair,  
 Who was sent by kind Fate to avert your despair:  
 With her you've successfully baited your trap;  
 She's in truth the best feather you have in your cap.  
 How you got her, to me I must own is a wonder!  
 When I think of your natural aptness to blunder.  
 She *must* have been forc'd on you, maugre your fighting,  
 As they give children physic, in spite of their crying.

Be wise, if you wish she should add to your store,  
 Let her put on *Melpomene's* buskins no more.  
 'Tho' the Scion could play ev'ry character well,  
 You should keep her in *those* she's allow'd to excel;  
 For *Imogen's* woes, or fair *Viola's* wit,  
 The decrees of Propriety mark'd her unfit:

Let



Let her polish those talents which Heav'n has sent her,  
 And the *Romp* prove the climax to *Moody's Tormentor*.  
 Be that her *me plus*—keep her actions in view,  
 Lest she wanders in labyrinths wanting a clew.

One eve, a *craz'd critic*, who sat in the Pit,  
 Utter'd, weakly, as thus, what he doubtless thought wit :  
 " Pray, Ladies, attend to the dear little rogue,  
 " To be sure the *fwate crater* has none of the brogue,  
 " A twang of the foreigner—honey, that's all,  
 " Just tipt with the accent of dear *Donegal* !"  
 —" What *mane* you by brogue?" cried a lady *half merry*,  
 Who'd come all the way from the county of *Kerry* :  
 " I can't find it out, on my honour and life,  
 " And I'm sure I'm a classical scholar's own wife ;  
 " My name is—but sure you have heard of *Pat Blarney*,  
 " By my *trot*, he's well known as the Lake of *Killarney*.  
 " As for the *pet las* there—whose speeches have flung ye,  
 " By my soul, 'tis a pity you have her among ye !  
 " As to brogue, I can't *see* she has any at all ;  
 " But what if she has? 'tis so monstrously small  
 " It could not be notic'd, if downright ill-*nater*  
 " Was not in your *visage* a principal *fater*.  
 " Tut, man ! what a bodder you make here about it,  
 " When you can't spake good English, you know, friend, without it."

Go, copy the priesthood, their stratagems mind,  
 They know every path to the hearts of mankind.  
 As the good Saint of Naples they keep in a den,  
 To be shewn to the *mob* as a charm—now and then ;  
 E'en thus keep your Actres—whose well-tim'd inaction  
 Will only redouble her force and attraction.

Depend



Depend on't, like spendthrifts, incaution will hurt you,  
For magnets oft us'd will lose much of their virtue.

As she's mounted the summit of public applause,  
Preserve her importance, and husband the cause;  
Her name's not been rais'd by illiberal arts,  
She came 'fore the audience, and rush'd to their hearts:  
Their feelings acknowledg'd, the nymph could inspire,  
And fann'd the faint embers that glimmer'd with fire.

All honest encomium seems buried for ever,  
As the *Prints* of the day must *substantiate* what's clever:  
—If a hero comes forward a claimant on glory,  
He rises or falls—by the force of their story.  
Their praise, like thermometers, Causes subdue,  
For it mounts, be the heat *artificial* or *true*;  
And if, from their page, ev'ry judgment you quote,  
They clash like the colours on Joseph's fam'd coat.  
This hour to sleep *all the critics* implore him,  
In the next, he eclipses—whate'er went before him.  
—Thus shameless they *vitate* the taste of the age:  
By such base manœuvres men rise on the stage.

To acquire this fame, *they* must give great rewards,  
Tho' such glory is built like a castle with cards,  
Which younglings erect for the rapture of viewing,  
But, touch'd by the finger of Truth—falls to ruin:  
'Tis a transient meteor, an air-fashion'd bubble,  
Which bursts in despite—of their toil and their trouble.



## B E N S L E Y.

Hear *Bensley*, whose hollow and sepulchral note,  
 Seems *heav'd* from the lungs, to be *forc'd* thro' the throat:  
 He strides in the scene with magnanimous air,  
 And accompanies woe—with a start and a stare!  
 From the pale *Ghost* of *Hamlet* his graces he borrows,  
 And equally stalks in his joys and his sorrows;  
 In *Pierre*, or *Iago*, there needs not a chorus,  
 To tell us the *Ghost* is still walking before us.  
 He steps in such measure, each critic accords,  
 That he pays more attention to *walking* than *words*:  
 Each thought seems absorb'd in adjusting his figure,  
 He swells, as still wishing to look ten times bigger.  
 With three minuet steps in all parts he advances,  
 Then retires three more—strokes his chin, prates and prances,  
 With a port as majestic as *Astley's* horse dances.

I must not omit, as I've mark'd each defect,  
 To aver that his part he has always correct;  
 And knowing those Faults that admit not prevention,  
 He strives to reduce them by care and attention.

## M R . B R E R E T O N .

Lo, *Brereton* comes—to his feelings a prey,  
 To damp our enjoyments, and darken our day;  
 The hand of disease has laid waste his meek mind,  
 To shew her great triumph o'er worth and mankind:  
 When *lofty ambition* his pray'r had denied,  
 His senses were madden'd, his reason it died.



## MRS. BRERETON.

But mark his pale wife—for, alas! hapless fair,  
 Her face is impress'd with the seal of despair;  
 The mate of her bosom, poor nymph, she has lost,  
 And the transports of love are by destiny cross'd.

Who is there that would not endeavour to bless  
 A mind so enfeebl'd by social distress;  
 So torn by its pangs in religion's despite,  
 So young, yet shut out from domestic delight.  
 —With joy would I fly round the globe for relief,  
 Or extenuate aught that could add to her grief:  
 I'd bathe every wound her Creator has giv'n,  
 And step 'twixt her peace and the arrows of Heav'n:

Ye casuist tribes, tell us, why are we born  
 Predestin'd to drag thus a being forlorn;  
 Say, why should we suffer, unconscious of ill,  
 Or sigh, when a crime is unknown to the will;  
 But fix'd in a fragile responsible state,  
 Must answer for vices we did not create!

Dear sister, may you and the nymph never sever;  
 Be kind to her sorrows—I'll love you for ever.

## PARSONS.

Of Wit, see the harbinger break on the day,  
 Whose jokes banish Care, and make Misery gay;  
 'Tis Parsons, who oft the dull moment beguiles,  
 The father of Mirth, and the patron of Smiles;

When



When he opens his mouth, the wide throng feel the jest,  
 And who but must laugh to hear wit with such zest?  
 In his features the satire we all can descry;  
 Like Champaign it sparkles, and brightens his eye:  
 When *Hygeia* frowns, his importance is seen,  
 Then how dull is *Thalia*, how mawkish the scene!  
 His substitutes mangle the parts that they play,  
 And makes us regret such a man must decay:  
 When death on poor *Parsons* shall ere turn the table,  
 Gay *Momus* in heaven will put on his fable:  
 The eyes of gaunt Envy shall beam with delight on't,  
 And Spleen, when unfetter'd, with drink make a night on't.

## MISS K E M B L E.

Hark! what shouting is this, that disturbs the calm day,  
 See Satyrs and Sorcerers croud all the way,  
 'Tis an idiot, or driv'ller, the cavalcade tells,  
 For maddening Folly is tinkling her bells;  
 As the Magi their foul incantations prepare,  
 And with seeds of the *mania* impregnate the air!  
 See the Heroine comes—mark the wond'rous detail,  
 As Fashion elate snuffs the poisonous gale.—

Amazing! a third! lo, here's *Kemble* again,  
 With *Kembles* on *Kembles* they've choak'd Drury-Lane;  
 The family rubbish have seiz'd public bounty,  
 And Kings, Queens, and Heroes, pour forth from each county.  
 The barns are unpeopl'd—their half-famish'd sons  
 Waste the regions of Taste like the irruption of Huns.  
 But cash is the magnet that draws them from far,  
 'Tis the god of their race, and their grand polar star.



In acting, her efforts excite but our sadness,  
 For like *Mary C—f—y*, her works prove her madness.  
 As well might you pass for a *Titus, Domitian*,  
*Lord George* as a saint, or *Fuseli* a *Titian* :  
 The lanes of Fleet-Ditch for the city of *Cnidus*,  
 Or the eyes of *John Wilkes* for the *Georgium Sidus* ;  
 Or the thistles of *Forth* for the *fleur-de-lis*,  
 Or oily *Frank Grose* for the flippant *Vestris*,  
 As her for *Alicia*.—The attempt, on my word,  
 Is impudent, ignorant, gross, and absurd ;  
 And proves for true sterling a vile succedaneum,  
 Like delft for the pot'try of Old *Herculaneum* !  
 'Tis an insult to reason—a vile imposition,  
 As e'er liv'd in tale, or grey-headed Tradition.  
 But the girl surely maddens with vainness or woe :—  
 Send *Alicia* to *Ward*, and the wench to *Monra*.

When *Rowe's* glorious scenes, which from Nature he drew,  
 And *Shore's* hapless fortunes are plac'd in our view,  
 The sisters assume the great cast of the play,  
 And as heroines both, they must both lead the way ;  
 As one treads the boards, by fair Genius attended,  
 With t'other's presumption the House is offended ;  
 'Tis a feast of strange viands, an incomplete dish,  
 Where the *flesh* is destroy'd by the fumes of the *fish* :  
 'Tis eating a haunch amid nausea and dirt,  
 'Tis wearing of ruffles without any shirt ;  
 'Tis purchasing trash most outrageously dear,  
 'Tis washing down turtle with mawkish small beer :  
 It is—but comparison falls far abaft her,  
 And Folly triumphant indulges her laughter.

No



No wonder in sickness for credit you seek,  
 When beings like *that* have Ten Guineas a-week.  
 —But hearing the sum, fee! the Muses turn pale,  
 And meek Probability shrinks at the tale;  
 Amazement with wonder aghast lifts her head,  
 And Excellence sighs in Humility's shed.

If Prudence attempts to develop the cause,  
 She's silenc'd by one who can o'erleap your laws:  
 The *Siddons* exclaims, "Know that *Fanny's* my sister;  
 "And knowing but that, tell me *who* dare resist her?"

Permit ye an Actress to wield your state sceptre,  
 When riches of gratitude thus has bereft her?  
 Ye Managers rise from foul Lethargy's den,  
 Tho' unfit to be kings, shew the world you are men:  
 Admit humble Merit to *peep* on your stage,  
 And let not proud Insolence hoodwink the age;  
 Make the sisters fill parts as their faculties suit,  
 Let one play the Whore, and the other be *mute*.

How many act parts full of bustling and racket,  
 And arrogate madly the Harlequin jacket.  
 See *Boswell* (but who for such drudg'ry more fit?)  
 Collect the vile ordure of poor *Johnson's* wit;  
 And fir'd with zeal, for the *scavenger's* warm on't,  
 He writes what *Sam* did, when his wisdom lay dormant;  
 And dresses the *excrement* tawdry tho' true,  
 And the errors of greatness exposes to view;  
 He mounts the *Leviathan's* back in full motion,  
 And holding his *tail*, ventures forth in the ocean;



Then plung'd in deep waters—alas ! what a whim,  
Bellows forth to mankind—How we *geniusses* swim !

But JOHN BULL is a *beast* ; for who will may e'en ride him,  
And Folly and Fashion each moment bestride him ;  
They stroke the *base brute*, as their *views* they dissemble,  
From dingy *Buzaglo* to modest *John Kemble*.  
To illustrate this truth, which so sullies his glory,  
I'll place an example, indignant ! before ye :

Once the Peers of the land met in motley array,  
To mature an act—the *vast child* of a day—  
An Act, all the rest of *great Acts* superseding !  
While yet the new wounds of poor *Albion* were bleeding ;  
To emancipate *Weltjie* from foreign minority,  
And empower the *Dolt* to make PASTE by authority.  
—Now see him reposing on Britain's young *Lion*,  
And fatt'ning beneath the resplendent *Ich dien* ;  
There *Hanger* and he—for they're birds of a feather,  
Like kindred spirits can solace together.  
The Son of *high Jove* made the caitiff his Minister,  
And who suspects *Germans* of any thing sinister ?  
He chose him his *caterer*, *extra officio*,  
To tickle his taste with a comic *pasticcio* ;  
What *Thing* can enact so sublime an employment,  
But *him* who knows all the *bye-paths* of enjoyment ?  
With an undefil'd palm *he* the *Louis* can handle,  
And his CHIEF lead, unsing'd, round the *Satanic candle* :  
With sedulous zeal catch the wish that is rising,  
And forestal his bliss with an art that's surprising.  
He fans those *ideas*, that yet are but *green-a*,  
And whispers the *Infant*, he's found an *Alcmene*.

There



There *Fox* and his *Satellites* chew disappointment,  
 And shrug when they hear of a splendid appointment;  
 And equally damn'd—in the gorgeous abodes,  
 Write libels on wisdom, and balderdash odes,  
 'Till drown'd with the *Lethean* grape, become hearty,  
 And *Weltjie* makes *puffs* for the *petulant* party;  
 In *syllabub* sympathy—tempers their fires,  
 And with *ice salamanders* he cools their desires.

There *Kitty* attends like a *Cyprian* gypsy,  
 And *Bacchus* exalted makes *Eloquence* tipsy;  
 She ceases to turn *Pleasure's* fane to a forum;  
 And *Beauty* elects it her *sanctum sanctorum*.  
 She strains to excess every nerve in her power,  
 To reign the *Roxana*—at least for an hour;  
 And young *Prostitution* there pants to be sold,  
 Or woo'd by *Young Ammon* in showers of gold.

Could *Genius* or *Modesty* share the profusion,  
 How good were the act, and how blest'd the effusion!  
 Then *Virtue* would hallow the dogmas of *Fate*,  
 And deify *that* his decrees have made great.

When the children of *Misery* wound him within,  
 And his feelings wage war with the *phalanx* of *Sin*,  
 The gods view elated the glorious strife,  
 And hold their rewards 'yond the precincts of life.  
 But hapless the cause such a work can undo,  
 For his *faith* in professions his *feelings* subdue:  
 His monitors treat the intent as a whim,  
 And poison the stream—'twixt the object and him;



All the baneful effects of their witcheries impart,  
And strangle that worth which should gladden the heart!

Ridiculous Isle!—for imposture so fit,  
Where the sponge of Credulity soaks up their wit;  
Where *Maras* are honour'd, and *Grahams* can lecture,  
And Vice scoff at morals, yet none will detect her!

### B A N N I S T E R.

Avaunt, ye pale crew! Care's black altars adorning,  
And flit like the mists from the beams of the morning;  
Behold laughing *Charles*, great *Anacreon's* own son!  
Whose brows wreath'd with ivy, his drinking has won.  
By the *Grecian* inspir'd, he's blissful and gay,  
As he journies thro' life, Love and Wine lead the way.  
He's beckon'd to bliss by the wiles of gay *Venus*,  
And hail'd to the joys of the glass by *Silenus*;  
'Till *Charles*, like *Alcides*, is pos'd to obey  
The impulse of a heart, where they *both* hold the fway.

So tuneful his pipe, its mellifluous sound  
Unpeoples the groves, and the fawns flock around;  
The herds leave their browsings to list to his strains,  
And Pan and the Dryades fly swift from the plains.  
The blythe purple god, whose oblation inspires,  
And gives back to age all its amorous fires;  
High flush'd with delight, he applauds from his seat,  
And the tygers, unyok'd, lick the minstrels feet;  
As roseate wild Bacchants in extasy twine  
His locks with the tendrils they've torn from the vine.

He



He seizes young Joy, and arresting his pow'r,  
 He makes him the guardian to flit round his hour,  
 To crush palsied Care, with his train of offences,  
 And human infirmity shut from his senses;  
 The full festive goblet he plies in full measure,  
 And Laughter attends as the chorus of Pleasure;  
 He loosens elated the springs of the soul,  
 And empties with glee the nectareous bowl;  
 With rapture he tastes ev'ry blessing that's in it,  
 And swift analyses the bliss of the minute;  
 Like a swoln *Epicurus* such boons he dispenses,  
 And obeys like a child, but—the laws of his senses:  
 He plunders from Plenty the gifts of each season,  
 And gay *vive l'amour* forms the creed of his reason;  
 As Wisdom essays to effect his conversion,  
 And the rover restrict with the bonds of coercion.

No tempest can shake the firm peace of his soul,  
 Unless Fate should send, all his joys to controul,  
 Some *caitiff enchanter*, array'd with a writ,  
 To curdle his blood, and to freeze all his wit!

Like a prostitute chang'ling dame Fortune he worries,  
 Her gifts he abuses, her passions he flurries;  
 And receives her choice gifts as the fruit of a whim,  
 Which caprice showers careless on Honour or him;  
 But the minx still adores, tho' the varlet thus treats her,  
 And, like Russian ladies, grows fond—'cause he beats her.

In thunder harmonious, his cadences roll,  
 And the full tide of Melody pours on the soul;

M

His



His tones the cold breast of Frigidity warming,  
Are audible, sonorous, manly and charming.

In the *Strangers at Home*, a strange medley indeed!  
(Where jest, noise, and nonsense each other succeed,)  
Compos'd of strange oddities jumb'l'd together,  
Like men in a porch, to avoid rainy weather;  
Where wonder meets wonder, and plot on plot thickens,  
As Nature recedes, and enquiry sickens;  
Where Reason, poor nymph, is stuck fast in a bog,  
Or like the Egyptians immers'd in a fog;  
Where Folly, with fond expectation looks big,  
To see Truth overthrown, or the poles dance a gig;  
There *Charles*, like a monster, is muzzl'd in spirit,  
And dragg'd forth to growl at the funeral of Merit,  
With a *strange* group of mortals escap'd from *strange* dangers,  
Where he is the *strangest* by far 'midst the *Strangers*.

How different the man, when impervious to duns,  
Rofy *Charles* o'er his wine manufactures his puns,  
As the clock's tatt'ling pendulum hints in the nick,  
That *Time* flies away, and he's running—in tick!  
But he conquers all thoughts of the *first*, by a bumper,  
And laughs at the *last*—'till it mounts to a thumper!

#### MRS. HOPKINS.

Here comes antique *Hopkins*, a piece of stage lumber,  
Who fills up a niche, and adds one to the number;  
Like vases arrang'd o'er the chimney for shew,  
She closes a void, and makes perfect the row:

But



But a sameness prevails in all parts that she plays;  
 And *sameness* in acting's repulsive to praise;  
 For struggling to shew the great test of her skill,  
 The effort is vain, for—'tis *Heidleburgh* still.  
 When she fails, 'tis apparent she did not intend it;  
 The fault is in Nature, she cannot amend it;  
 Who mix'd in her juices the *Heidleburgh* drop,  
 Which, like oil in liquids, will swim at the top.

## A I C K I N.

With strong sensibility, wakeful and keen,  
 See *Aickin* advance with a complacent mien;  
 Few Actors have e'er better known Nature's laws,  
 And, learning her dictates, have got less applause.  
 When the parent comes forth to admonish his child,  
 What player can do it in accents so mild?  
 His periods with gentle persuasion are hung,  
 As the fruit of philanthropy drops from his tongue:  
 When *Clarissa's* good father her failings reprove,  
 'Tis the warmth of resentment corrected by love;  
 And the noble conceptions that flow from his breast,  
 Are with all the true force of the Christian imprest.

## Miss F I E L D. \*

Who's that laurel'd Honour is forcing along?  
 'Tis *Field*, timid nymph, who exists but in song;  
 Like the *Medicis* statue, to Decency true,  
 Her wishes seem bent to recede from the view.

\* Now Mrs. FORSTER.

An



An air of mild elegance marks ev'ry motion,  
 At Modesty's shrine the coy maid pays devotion;  
 And should find the effects of such laudable duty,  
 A strong counter-balance for personal beauty.  
 Her tones in sweet melody solace the ear,  
 Like a riv'let that flows, not deep, but yet clear;  
 Tho' her merits won't bear the stern *critic's* inspection,  
 Her gentleness tacitly calls for protection.

## P A C K E R.

Behold hoary *Packer*, grown grey on the foil,  
 We have long known him *little great Roscius's* foil;  
 For e'en Nature's weaknesses *Garrick* partook,  
 And squar'd half his actions from Jealousy's book.  
 —That he hated all genius which blaz'd to excel,  
 Could *Powel* or *Henderson* speak, they would tell.

He looks like pale Thrift, when he duns for a debt,  
 Or a woeful *Whereas*, in the London Gazette;  
 Or the herald of Ill, with an aspect suspicious,  
 And muscles deep furrow'd, and brow inauspicious.

I prithee, dear Sister, bid *Packer* retire  
 To a warm elbow chair, and a social fire;  
 Let him spend his last days unembitter'd by pain,  
 Smoke his pipe, and reflect—on the Kings he has slain:  
 And touch'd by garrulity—hapless disease,  
 Let him praise what he's seen, and lament what he sees;  
 Let him talk of his *Gibbers*, his *Clives*, and his *Quins*,  
 And now and then break Possibility's shins.

Let



Let him add to their honours some friendly addition,  
 And redden, if Moderns should name competition;  
 But if his theatric crust he *will* mumble,  
 You must pity the man, when the actor shall stumble.

### B A D D E L Y.

With crab-apple phiz, and a brow that's disdainful,  
 See *Baddely* smile with fatigue that is painful;  
 From his dissonant voice, and the form of each feature,  
 You'd swear him the favourite child of Ill-nature;  
 The language of Love, in a mind so saturnine,  
 Like china embellishments, labour must burn in.

He snarls thro' his parts, be they easy or hard,  
 Like a mastiff that's chain'd to bay thieves from a yard.  
 Tho' none the misanthrope can copy so well,  
 As an actor, he's slovenly—Candour must tell;  
 And changes his dress in so careless a hurry,  
 He looks near as dingy as F—x or Lord S—y;  
 And damns the strong prejudice rais'd against dirt,  
 That forces a man to put on a clean shirt:  
 As a commerce, where Freedom for Fashion we barter,  
 And poison the essence of Runnymede Charter.

### MISS G E O R G E.

See *George* in the sweet paths of melody tread,  
 By dull frigid Insensibility led:  
 Tho' careless to please, her meek essays delight,  
 For she charms the rude throng, e'en in Dullness' despite.—

N

Had



Had her gentle strains join'd the *Syrens'* fell band,  
*Ulysses* had row'd to their dangerous land;  
 His Prudence had fled, and his Wisdom had slept,  
 And *Juno* had rav'd—and *Minerva* had wept:  
 His name had not shone in th' immortal story,  
 And *Ithaca's* matron had sigh'd for his glory.

Its anodyne powers the sick'ning makes cheary,  
 And tears off the chain from the mind of the weary;  
 By her soft blisful sonnets, all bosoms inspiring,  
 The Spleen grows diseas'd—and Despair lies expiring.  
 As the lark chaunts at sun-rise his diurnal pray'r,  
 Her loud liquid notes they disport in the air;  
 The sounds were not sweeter when Thebes' famous wall  
 Obey'd the soft magic of Harmony's call;  
 For spells may be said to exist in the tone,  
 Whose graces can conquer all hearts—but her own.  
*Cecilia* thus warbl'd the heaven-fraught line,  
 For her song was ador'd ere the nymph was divine.

### B A N N I S T E R, Jun.

Who's this that comes forward, and squeezes his hat,  
 Then recedes back again, bows, smiles—and all that?  
 'Tis the smart younger *Bannister*, flush'd in a pother,  
 To turn to a jest ev'ry dramatic brother.  
 Pray, let him speak Prologues, and drop such a measure,  
 It props not his fame, tho' it adds to his pleasure.

He has long strove to build him a high reputation,  
 On an unstable basis, I mean—*imitation*;

*Imitation's*



*Imitation's* a weak and a dang'rous endeavour  
 On others' demerits to win public favour ;  
 'Tis a pliable mind most egregiously prone,  
 To catch *others* errors, and make them *our own* ;  
 An expedient that oft keeps the blockheads in tune ;  
 But the man it degrades, tho' it suits the buffoon :  
 That the head is too soft, 'tis a tacit confession,  
 For, like melting wax, it imbibes each impressiion ;  
 Like evil companions it poisons each station,  
 —We cannot shake off the foul communication ;  
 Like the arts of a juggler, it's excellence lies  
 In casting a film 'tween our reason and eyes ;  
 In artfully stealing 'twixt fight and conception ;  
 'Till pleas'd with the trick, we applaud the deception.

Then assume it no more ; for you really inherit  
 A great share of judgment, and infinite spirit :  
 Leave clap-traps like those to dame Nature's assailers,  
 To beardless young spouters, and *tinkers* and *taylors*.

### DIGNUM.

See *Dignum* trip onward, as *Cymon* array'd,  
 Both apish and awkward, unlearn'd, and ill made ;  
 The wight has each requisite fitting a clown,  
 Save bashfulness, that is a sense he's ne'er known :  
 Did the varlet affect but to blush, he would cheat us,  
 For Nature imbronz'd him when scarcely a *fatus* :  
 And the Hibernian atoms descend in his race,  
 Their foreheads to shield from so foul a disgrace :

With



With *Webster* or *Vernon* the youth could but vie ill,  
For he is a *vox, et præterea nihil*.

Ye gods! what wild havock is made by Ambition,  
Tho' she oft brings her slaves to a state of contrition;  
She made pious *Dornford*, a half-witted railer,  
And spoil'd in young *Dignum*—an excellent *taylor*.

'Tis wond'rous we find not in Opera's van,  
A singing Novitiate, that looks like a Man—  
But *Grace* that to song should be ever allied,  
Left the stage of the world, when *her* fav'rite died.

When death seiz'd our *Webster*—his heav'n-born wife,  
Sweet *Grace*, (whom he wedded and cherish'd thro' life,  
Whose mild hallow'd influence led him along,  
Ennobl'd his action, and breath'd thro' his song:)  
Like a Persian bride, she survey'd his remains,  
As the pulses of horror beat high thro' her veins;  
And frowning on Fate, who had seiz'd all her joys,  
With Misery laden, herself she destroys;  
Disdaining existence, his ashes she fir'd,  
Then mounted the pile, gave a sigh, and expir'd.—

MRS. W A R D.

In smart walking ladies, and Tragedy queens,  
See *Ward* take the lead, tho' long out of her teens;  
To Nature for beauty she's somewhat in debt,  
And is perfectly learn'd in the stage etiquette.  
'That Merit smiles on her, it must be confess'd,  
And she always takes care that her person's well dress'd.

*Lady*



*Lady Alworth*, neat *Ward* can respectably fill,  
And proud *Margaretta* owes much to her skill.

## F A W C E T.

Behold a *great man*! 'tis magnanimous *Fawcet*,  
Who turns the best cream of the Muse to a posset;  
Meek *Modesty*'s dictates he treats as a jest,  
Affails her dominions, and spurns her behest:  
Should the wench, hapless, venture but once in his reach,  
He'd savagely give her a kick on the breech.  
Egregious as Fashion he stammers evasive,  
As *BEARcroft* genteel—and as *Christie* persuasive:  
But the Great Man is rich; and he labours to shew it,  
And thinks by such Madness, the world will all know it:  
Oh! blest'd independence!—for *Fawcet* has clear  
Twelve Pounds seven Shillings and Sixpence a-year;  
Besides some expectancies yet in *futuro*  
From an uncle who lives by the *Tempests* in *Truro*.

Shall Satire again say, that Fortune is blind,  
When to objects like *him*, she's so wondrously kind?  
The gift of perception she sure does inherit,  
To foster the dawn of such—*marvellous merit*.

In *Dion* he fidgets, and foams at the gallery,  
'Till Tragedy laughs at the comical raillery;  
When he struts, such embargoes are laid on his motion,  
You'd swear he was costive, and wanted a potion;  
Or a catholic finner, whose penance decrees  
He should walk for a month, with his shoes full of peas:



*Melpomene* surely would scold, cou'd she find him,  
For leaving his *bum*—so damn'd often behind him!

MRS. W I L S O N.

Tripping light o'er the ground, see gay *Wilson* advancing,  
Like the *suite* of the morning which *Guido* drew dancing,  
Or the dimpl'd *Euphrosyne*, arm'd in her eyes,  
Or a Parthian huntress that wounds as she flies.  
She bursts on mankind like the type of Good Humour,  
And her smiles have a spell that can regulate Rumour:  
She looks so alluring, and beauteous her face is,  
Like *Venus* escap'd from the hands of the *Graces*.  
Such *Wilson* now is, by the wanton loves led,  
Such B——y once was, ere her innocence fled.  
Behold that frail fair, how depress'd and dejected,  
By a Public despis'd, by that Public neglected;  
Tho' her face wears a smile, the sad effort of art,  
The light troop of Gladness have long fled her heart;  
In which chilly Misery ever will mourn,  
And pant for that peace which must never return.—  
No roses remain, the fond wish to inflame,  
Except when her cheek is suffus'd by her shame.  
Her frailties have open'd poor Nature's cold womb,  
And her ears are assail'd by a voice from the tomb:  
Her husband's pale manes obtrudes on her slumbers,  
And points out his mission, in Fate's awful numbers;  
'Till madd'ning with woe, and from happiness driv'n,  
She turns from her vices, to supplicate Heaven!

Ye daughters of Beauty, to worth be inclin'd,  
Preserve your importance, and brighten mankind;

By



By B——y be taught that ye cannot be blest,  
If Virtue withdraws her sweet beams from the breast;  
That the wiles of Seduction are meant to destroy,  
And extinguish the lamp that should light us to joy!

How serenely fits Innocence, heaven-born maid!  
With the precepts of angels her mind is array'd;  
She guides her calm being, unconscious of strife,  
And smiles as the Fates cut the thread of her life:  
The last sighs of Virtue are Nature's great pride,  
They turn the fell dart fraught with Sorrow aside;  
The pangs of Mortality sink in th' ablution,  
They triumph o'er Death in the bright dissolution.  
Tho' Want's pallid arms the faint victim encloses,  
Her faith in her God strews her pillow with roses;  
Her spirit ascends o'er the bourn of her mind,  
And leaves the base dregs of existence behind.

WILLIAMS.

To Decency dear, and to Merit long known,  
See *Williams* advance to *Calliope's* throne;  
Tho' the tones of his voice are restrain'd within bounds,  
They form a sweet concord of heavenly sounds:  
If to greatness unequal each essay prevails,  
For his diffidence aids where ability fails,  
As encircl'd he stood in the temple of Fame,  
'Twas himself that alone had a doubt of his claim.

With



## S U E T T.

What gaunt youth is that, who encounters the fight?  
 'Tis *Suett* equipt as the *Clown in Twelfth Night*;  
 With unblushing front, thus Presumption begins;  
 As Asses of old have assum'd Lions' skins.

Go, ask why that Folly should thus be his debtor,  
 —The argument's us'd, that they can't find a better:  
 Thus *scarceness* gives value to dirt and mundungus,  
 And dignifies *that*, Nature meant as a fungus;  
 It etchings enhances, like *Baillies* and *Hollars*,  
 And currency gave to *American Dollars*;  
 But the exigence o'er, and their day being past,  
 To their primitive meanness they all sink at last;  
 And their names, and the phantom they toil'd to pursue,  
 In pity, Oblivion hides from our view.

## B A R R Y M O R E.

With arms close enfolded, and gigantic stride,  
 Denoting ill manners, defiance and pride,  
 Who's that strutting round like a Tragedy king;  
 Do you know, my sweet Sister, the confident *thing*?  
 —See! he's coming this way!—and my stars! how he low'rs,  
 Have you no apt exorcism, to fetter his pow'rs?  
 He surely will eat us—Ah me! what vain fears,  
 'Tis *Barrymore*, Sister, I see the man's *ears*!

To the altars of Modesty, fly, thou vain youth!  
 And survey your deserts in the mirror of Truth;

Strut



Strut no more like a low-bred disciple of *Broughton*,  
 But copy the calm moderation of *Wroughton*.  
 Go, temper so weak and unmeaning a zeal,  
 And strive to persuade Common Sense that you feel.

Alas ! who'd imagine good acting was rare,  
 When every Whipster can thus be a Play'r ?  
 —The science of acting from Nature requires  
 A genius that knows all her force and her fires;  
 A classical, polish'd, and well-govern'd mind,  
 A taste that's correct, boundless, good, and refin'd ;  
 Endowments that seldom are met with in men,  
 But, like comets, just blaze on the world now and then.  
 Yet none are alarm'd at so great an assumption ;  
 For Folly has ever been mark'd by presumption ;  
 But touch'd by the dog-star he'll bellow self-pleas'd,  
 With incontinent rant, and a mind that's diseas'd ;  
 Like *Icarus* madly he soars to the sun,  
 'Till his wings melt in air, and the man is undone.

Like the wheels of a watch is the actor's estate,  
 Where the small have their motion impell'd by the great ;  
 And each must fulfil the intent of his station,  
 And make up a whole—by progressive gradation.

This *ÆRA* is sure with complacency hit,  
 When a dunce can with ease pass the lines as a wit ;  
 E'en animal idiots turn witless enditers,  
 And pert brainless beaus become *Epilogue* writers ;  
 Sir *Jeffery Dunstan* a critic inspector,  
 And sombrous *John Kemble* a comic projector ;



But Reason slept in with a zeal most uncivil,  
And *plan* and *projector* sent both—to the devil.

But vagrants we cherish with sentiments Stygian,  
And give up our *Faith* in all points—but *Religion*.  
A band of bravadoes have laid the land waste,  
They've murder'd our judgment, and call themselves **TASTE** :  
They rush'd on mankind as a terrific host,  
Like the *knot* that now governs the fam'd *Morning Post* ;  
Where *witlings* and *booksellers*, *captains*, and *setters*,  
Unite to protect—the republic of *letters* ;  
To overthrow **INSOLENCE**, loud and presumptive,  
And phyfic poor **VICE**, 'till the drab grows consumptive.  
Beneath such fell *Giants*, gaunt **PRIDE** lies confounded ;  
And **TRUTH** bless'd the balm they have pour'd where she's wounded ;  
**LIBERALITY** gives them a smile that is grateful,  
And the mask torn away—pallid **FALSEHOOD** looks hateful.

There *Bell* fits to prune th' exub'rance of *fiction*,  
And drefs to advantage the *Premier's* diction :  
He wooes the minx Fortune in classical cloaths ;  
But that's a state secret, and under the—**ROSE** ;  
For Pride's fatal influence—*heu ! quam inglorium !*  
Has pierc'd the *thick membrane*, and crack'd his *sensorium*.

### L O V E.

Depress'd by stern Time, see poor *Love* make her way,  
And, spurning the tyrant, affect to look gay :  
In *Dorcas* she still can administer pleasure,  
And shines in old women a dramatic treasure ;

Besides,



Besides, as a vet'ran, poor *Love* has a claim  
To draw on Compassion, if not upon Fame.

W R I G H T.

Who's that looks so fiercely ! oh, I ken the wight,  
'Tis the drama's *Drawcanfir*, the bold *Roger Wright* !  
Have you no work cut out, that you let him thus roam ?  
In a *Bailiff* or *Murderer*, *Roger's* at home :  
Tho' 'tis known from the *first* he has constantly fled,  
And *murders* in jest, but—to get himself bread ;  
He often *damns bailiffs* ; for *Roger* hates law ;  
And the dagger his *feelings* will scarce let him draw.  
Hard case ! when an actor is destin'd to play,  
In parts where *antipathies* block up his way :  
But nothing should stop the career of ambition,  
Tho' Fate open'd wide the black gates of Perdition !

R. P A L M E R.

Here's *Palmer* the younger, so trim, pert, and nice,  
I pray give the hero—a piece of advice :  
Let him strive all he can to avoid imitation ;  
And forget on the stage he e'er had a relation :  
'Tis highly disgusting, beholding one brother  
Exhibit, with pride, all the faults of the other.  
Besides, he's too apt to survey the green boxes,  
For his porter-fraught friends, and his cheek-painted doxies.  
—Of all other follies, this sure's most absurd,  
Not to *list* to the scene, and to *feel* every word.  
Some *strokes* shew his mind is not mark'd by sterility,  
His *Prompt* proves the Actor has great capability.

\*\*\*\*\*



\* \* \* \* \*

What monster is this, who alarms the beholders,  
 With Folly and Infamy perch'd on his shoulders;  
 Whom hallow'd Religion is lab'ring to save,  
 Ere Sin and Disease goad the wretch to his grave.  
 'Tis \*\*\*\*\*! Alas, Nature starts at the name;  
 She trembles with horror, and reddens with shame!  
 Like the Ocean which weeps, when the tempest's allay'd,  
 She shudders to look on the work she has made.

In their hate of his principles, all are agreeing,  
 And the *fruit* of his *loins* curse the *cause* of their being.  
 Like a pestilent breeze, he infects these foul times,  
 A vile abstract of hell, and Italia's crimes!  
 See Justice offended, exhibits a halter;  
 And the crucifix shakes as he crawls to the altar;  
 When his foul disembogues each infernal transgression,  
 Sweet Mercy revolts at the *sable confession*.  
 Eternity's paths he with terror explores,  
 As dæmons look up from sulphureous shores:  
 And Honour and Truth form a strong combination,  
 To kick such a miscreant thro' the creation.  
 Tartarean bards chaunt the caitiff's encomium,  
 And *Satan* sits hunger'd in deep Pandemonium.

His touch is contagious, and preys on our sanity,  
 Offensive to life, and abhorr'd by Humanity,  
 Like the plague-fraught embrace of a foul Alepponian,  
 Or the incrusted glove of a sick Caledonian;  
 It nips Virtue's bud, like the winds from the east,  
 Or *Circe's* fell wand, turns the fool to a beast:

Or



Or the *den of Castratos*, of fashion the center,  
 Which sullies the man, e'en if *Honour* should enter  
 That *hot-bed of vagabonds*, rais'd on the breast  
 Of fallen *Britannia*, to lull her to rest ;  
 Where *anticks* DISCRETION can kick till she winces,  
 Debauch'd by the *income* of five German princes !  
 Where magnetiz'd dolts, the disgrace of the land,  
 Pay *treble* to hear, what they—*don't understand* ;  
 And *Countesses* fight to kiss sapless *Tenducci*,  
 Or tie on the sandals of black *Catenucci*.

Nefarious island, oh besotted nation !  
 Where *Folly* to *Vice* runs in studied gradation.  
 See *Guilt* on the judgment seat, mark'd by pollution,  
 To watch the *mean movements* of stern prosecution ;  
 To determine the outlines of *right* and of *wrong*,  
 As manac'd *Honour* is led thro' the throng.

Say, who shall be blest'd, if a HOWARD's unfainted ;  
 Say, who is un sullied, if HASTINGS is tainted !  
 What boots it though ASIA his absence deploras,  
 Or myriads of Gentoos still weep round their shores !  
 That his *greatness* was built on his *feelings*—not *spoils* ;  
 That the *peace of his mind* has rewarded his toils ;  
 That *Wisdom* illumin'd the strength of his name,  
 And plac'd her own chief in the archives of Fame !  
 When the *man* can be call'd—What a mock degradation !  
 To answer the *tribes* of *abhorr'd* *peculation* ?  
 To meet cunning Sophistry's wily position,  
 And the half famish'd sons of illicit Ambition !  
 As Virtue laments the depression of Glory,  
 The *Orient world* are amaz'd at the story !

Q

But



But his *worth*, like true gold, from the chymical fire,  
Will rise less alloy'd, and be valu'd the higher ;  
And the *lie* of the moment, which *Malice* has sign'd,  
The clarion of Honour shall drive from the mind ;  
As the lion awak'ning on Nemea's plain,  
Indignant shakes off the dank dew from his mane.

High rais'd o'er the rest, see meek EDMUND exalted,  
Who ne'er from the whisp'rings of conscience defaulted ;  
Yet the man *must*, alas ! be an eminent actor,  
If STATESMAN or JESUIST, MIME, or DETRACTOR ;  
Tho' he swears, and the oath is held good, Heaven knows !  
He wishes not *Honour* or *Worth* for his foes !  
That his motive *alone* (who will vouch for his sanity !)  
Is a *pious regard* for the laws of HUMANITY ;  
And the *sacred flame* warms his generous breast,  
'Till he turns public claims to a villainous jest :  
It leads him to chasten an over-grown finner,  
To pay off a mortgage, or get him—a dinner ;  
To prop the old mansion his *merits* had won,  
To give a response to a plebeian dun ;  
To gorge a resistless wild passion for power,  
Or—liquidate debts that have harrow'd his hour.

Tho' *patriot antipathies* drove the base wight  
From the luminous realms of political light ;  
He's an excellent blood-hound, well-train'd in the scent,  
To hunt down a NABOB, and *mask the intent* ;  
But EDMUND is deaf to the *dirty suggestions*,  
That *Plutus* inspires on such *brilliant questions* :  
No spark of intrigue from *Saint Omer's* remains,  
To light the *evasion* that sleeps in his veins :



The vile impositions imbib'd in his youth,  
 Were effac'd by the impulse of heavenly truth :  
 Tho' *once* from the paths of *her dictates* entic'd,  
 Their creed he detests, tho' a *brother in Christ*;  
 'Tis shameful to call him or vile, or rapacious,  
 Who hates all the *race*, from C——s F—x to Ignatius.

To strengthen his schemes in the *blest*'d occupation,  
 MOLL BROOKS offer'd PAM a high-season'd oblation,  
 Compos'd of odd remnants, with nice circumspection,  
 That the *dice* had long *levell'd* in social connection :  
 A maudlin YOUNG PEER, in a gloomy immersion,  
 A JUDGE, with the seals of the land—in *reversion*;  
 AN EMINENT RASCAL, who'd trod round the laws;  
 A PLAY-WRIGHT, who lost his best wits by applause;  
 And EMBRYO STATESMEN, in scores did exhibit,  
 And GAMESTERS, just snatch'd from th' insatiate gibbet :  
 A CAPTAIN, deep laden with jokes from Joe Miller,  
 A DUKE undisturb'd by one penny of filler :—  
 A RIGHT HONOUR'D SCOUNDREL, who liv'd to debase,  
 The old-fashion'd virtues that govern'd his race :  
 A SURGEON, once wont to be-rhime o'er his beer;  
 A SPECIOUS ATTORNEY, and DULL PAMPHLETEER :—  
 A PARSON, who ne'er from his Vices retreated;  
 A TACTICK-TAUGHT GENERAL, nine times defeated;  
 A PATRIOT, red-hot from the bogs of Ierne,  
 A CAITIFF, who stole all his groats from Lord V——y;  
 And S—TH, the despondent, not blest'd with a stiver,  
 Who lost all his joys, like a true SCAVOIR VIVRE.



The tott'ring old Sybil, the offering prepares,  
 And adds to the force her *immaculate* pray'rs ;  
 With combustible vice fill'd the yawning tripod,  
 And augur'd success from the smiles of the god:  
 But the work was accomplish'd—the priestess did win him,  
 And B—— felt the sting of the *mania* within him:  
 Like a Methodist foaming, he rav'd thro' the earth,  
 And bellow'd it's comforts, and own'd the *new birth*.  
 His senses lay prostrate, his Reason was bit,  
 And he dream'd of *Pagodas*, and *Athenian wit* ;  
 His hope gather'd strength, as his wisdom got small,  
 And he thought of re-ent'ring the *gates of Whitehall*.  
 He caught a *faint glimpse*, by the beldam's black art,  
 And the fight *brac'd* the *nerves* that had *sunk* round his *heart* !

Thus fir'd, adroitly his subject he changes,  
 And o'er the wide fields of *SUBLIMITY* ranges,  
 Flies off at a tangent, talks long, and talks loud,  
 His *feet* in Saint Stephens, his *head*—in a cloud ;  
 'There licks with his tongue in each labour'd essay,  
 Not *Blarney's fam'd stone*—but the *smooth milky way*.  
 He hacknies the theme of the *Minister's* duties,  
 And sings of his *WEAKNESS*, in metaphor beauties ;  
 And arming his *periods* with soft necromancy,  
 Gives *one* to the *point*, and *nineteen* to the—*Fancy*.

### W R I G H T E N.

Oh, oh ! my friend *Wrighten*, is he in the cluster ?  
 I soon can find him by his bouncing and bluster ;

Tho'



Tho' he clips Common Sense, with a mouthful of plumbs,  
 By the aid of his wife, he can butter his crumbs ;  
 Not having the fear of remorse 'fore his eyes,  
 Poor Nature, incessant, he stabs 'till she dies ;  
 And murders Heroics, and storms at their death ;  
 Then runs round the stage—to recover his breath ;  
 And, wonderful ! growls, if he gets not applause,  
 Tho' he violates Reason, and treads on her laws.

### ST A U N T O N.

What animal's this ! like the daw in his plumes ?  
 Is it *Staunton* who thus on your presence presumes ?  
 What the deuce was it thrust such a man in *Orfino* ?  
 He's as far from the truth as *Pall-mall* from *Urbino*,  
 See, his essays have made poor Propriety puke,  
 And the best I can say is—he makes a *rum duke*.

I pity poor *Cranford*, and *Tidswell*, and *Burnet*,  
 See the nymphs chew an oath, when they dare not return it :  
 'Tis hard, that the fair who adds grace to a Queen,  
 Should be subject to language so very obscene :  
 It hurts me to see radiant beauty like *their's*,  
 Devoted to watch the caprice of high play'rs ;  
 As skirtings of worth, like your mundungus wrappers,  
 The refuse of vagrants, and stage understrappers.  
 Let the *Ladies* quit *trade*, like prudential *Masks*,  
 And mend, in a corner, the king's galligaskins :  
 By rigid economy gather small riches,  
 Or darn up a rent in Prince Prettyman's breeches ;

R

Or



Or kiss the young Roscius that snores on a pallet;  
 Or dress, without oil, the salubrious fallet;  
 And hot mutton chop, reeking, crisp, sweet and versal,  
 To solace poor Tom when he comes from rehearsal.

Let the group that remain all recede in a throng;  
 And 'tis well for their jackets, their claims are unfung;  
 Besides, there's not one of the Parnassian Muses,  
 But smiles to such beings as those she refuses:  
 Tho' their clamours oft bring their good humour to trial,  
 Like hungry duns, they'll accept no denial,  
 But hang round their gates, while by strength they are able,  
 And feed on the offals that fall from their table.  
 As well might train-bands claim a knowledge of arms,  
 As caitiffs like those, but to look on their charms:

As it's long been a maxim upheld beyond doubt,  
 —Where nothing is in, nothing e'er can come out;  
 To animadvert on the claims of such men,  
 Were to prostitute Candour, as well as the pen.

Alas! did kind Nature permit them to feel;  
 'Twould be cruel such insects to break on the wheel:  
 Thus like stunted grafs on the plain's vernal bed,  
 The sharp scythe of Judgment flies over their head.  
 —While the tempest's keen rage is dismant'ling the tow'r,  
 The cot of humility skulks from it's pow'r.

Then



Then go, ye base tribe, read the decalogue o'er,  
Retreat to your sheds, and—be varlets no more:  
Thank the gods, that your state has protected your skins;  
Chaunt your vespers in peace, and go sleep in whole skins;  
Nor utter, despondent, that SATIRE will flay us,  
For HERCULES wars but with men like ANTÆUS!

END OF PART FIRST.



Then go, ye pale tribe, tread the decaying o'er,  
Retreat to your (hides) and—be vallets no more:  
Thank the gods, that your fate has protected your things;  
Chant your vespers in peace, and go sleep in whole things;  
Not more, depending, that SATIRE will stay us,  
For Hæmulus was but with men like ANTIVAS.

END OF PART FIRST.